

THE DAILY
SHORT STORY

May Tries Being a Hick.

By WILL T. AMES.

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AMONG the girls of Manhattan Island there is a tradition, immutable as the laws of the Medes and the Persians, that never yet save through the operation of extreme violence and utterly against her own will did one of the sisterhood leave the city and go to the country to live. Wherefore, when May Dart, expert board operator in the Bryant exchange, informed her friends, Gladys Stein and Ethel Manning, that she was quitting the job that night and going to Stonypert, away off in the wilds of Connecticut, to live, they simultaneously gaped at her incredulously, and with one voice cried:

"Going to the countree! To stay! Gonna live with the squirrels and be a hick! For gawdsake, May, how'dja get that way?"

"Aw, I just thought I'd like to do something different," replied May, nonchalantly. Which was not the whole truth.

Dr. McKinstry, who had practised in the Ninth ward more years than May was old, and who had known her parents—caused their successive tuberculous departures out of the world, in fact—had cajoled, commanded, bullied and finally thoroughly frightened May into getting away from New York before, as he phrased it, New York got her.

And so it came to pass that May, having been given a highly complimentary recommendation by her chief, after a conference with that kindly official, had applied for a place in the Stonypert telephone central and had been enthusiastically accepted. "You're going in time," said McKinstry. "If you come back in less than a year, I'll throw you off the dock."

Stonypert fluttered between the condition of a big village and the status of a small city. It called itself the latter, and its most sophisticated society women smoked cigarettes sometimes in the grills of the big Massapeag Hotel. But its people still term the railroad station the "depot" and tradition and politics between them had so far succeeded in preserving the bucolic institution of a volunteer fire department.

May, as an hereditary cockney, experienced a sense of obligation, to look upon Stonypert with amused tolerance; an attitude in which she persisted, though she soon perceived that a telephone station was a telephone station, whether in New York or New England, and that the limousines on State street looked about as costly as the ones on 42d.

The Stonypert air, however, was fresher and cleaner than the carbonized mixture that serves New York, and the big, airy three windowed room overlooking a vista of gardens, of which May was the exclusive mistress, furnished a staggering contrast to the tiny cell, smelling of gas, from which she had looked out on the dreary walls of Bank street.

Also, because there was no Gladys and no Ethel and no Bryant Exchange Dancing Club, and no long list of theatres and no Coney—no anything, it seemed—May got more sleep, and sounder, than she had ever known in her twenty-four years. So she knew Dr. McKinstry for the wise old owl that he was—but she wasn't having a good time and again she voted Stonypert a jay town.

It was inevitable, of course, that the coming of Fred Faxon into the life of the girl at this lonely stage of it should be epochal. Logical enough in any event, inevitable when he was big and good looking and had been through the thick of the hell in France and had come back to laugh over it and tell funny stories about it by the hour.

He was the nephew of May's fine old landlady—that's how their acquaintance came about—and he was just starting in business, a shining model delicatessen shop. He had had to start on a shoestring, he confided in May, and his "wop" landlord would only give him a miserly two years lease. But a fellow learned to take charge over there, if he didn't learn anything else. Perhaps it was because the chances of success were not less hazardous—his prospects in life better—that May caught Faxon looking at her so wistfully every now and then.

The Stonypert post of the American Legion was giving a ball, for the enhancement of its building fund—a big affair in the armory. May, repulsed in the salt-same black and gold party gown that had almost made enemies of Gladys and Ethel at the Bryant Club's reception six weeks before, regally descended the stairs to find Faxon, in his service uniform, waiting in gasping admiration in the hall.

"You look wonderful," he exclaimed. "Are you all ready? We're not going to be a minute too early."

"As soon as I put on my wrap," May said, scarcely uttering the words when "Bang! K-r-r-r! Bang! K-r-r-r-Bank!" The great bell in the tower of the engine house three doors away was fairly rattling the windows.

"Goodness gracious! What's that?" cried the girl. But the effect on Faxon was amazing. "Dam!—that is, excuse me! Wait. Be back. Fire!" And earing the door open, her escort was gone.

What's more, he didn't come back. It took ten minutes for May to realize that Faxon had deserted her to go to a fire and to become fittingly indignant. "Well, of all the low-down hick tricks!" she exclaimed. Even then she supposed that he would return presently, all apologies, and was torn between the desire to revenge herself upon him and reluctance to miss the much anticipated ball. But at the end of three-quarters of an hour, bitterly regretting that there was no one about to whom she might express her feelings—Mrs. Hewett was out at a church festival—the outraged Miss Dart took herself to her room and found before she went to sleep that the door had been ajar and that the light of black gallants and the life and would go back to New York. McKinstry or no McKinstry is the New York habit.

LOVELY COLORS IN LATEST EVENING GOWNS

By CORA MOORE
New York's Fashion Authority.

NEW YORK, April 7.—Never, never was New York so gloriously gay—and I wish I could give an adequate picture of the wonderful gowns that are to be seen everywhere, morning, afternoon and evening, especially in the evening. They glitter and sparkle and radiate the most beautiful color scheme imaginable.

This gown in the center was imported by Gidding for one of New York's most popular society girls. I'd love to give you her name, but she

forbids. It is of silver cloth, a delicate summery sort, with a panner yoke tunic (which is very new) of finest silk net, embroidered all over with tiniest sequin beads that look for all the world like water drops, prisms of light.

In "Apple Blossoms" Florence Shirley wears another of these adorable frocks, long lines of opalescent beads dropping from a plain little white satin dress that could easily be copied. This is shown at the left.

At the right is Hazel Dawn, in a graceful gown of orchid radium, with

a bit of lace and a bunch of Spanish daisies as sole trimming. Long girly ends and a panel drop of the material distinguish the gown.

One sees so many hats with evening costumes. It's the thing now—large hats of lace, gold or ecrú or black with crown of taffeta or soft straw, or horsehair hats, one color lined with another, small hats, flower toques or hats fashioned of the gown material. They are even more fetching than head-dresses to which American women do not take so very kindly.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

(By Olive Roberts Barton)

Mr. Rubadub.

Nancy and Nick stood looking around them in open-mouthed wonder at the things they saw in Scrub-Up Land. But there was so much chattering and fussing everywhere they hadn't a chance to ask the Magical Mushroom any of the million questions that popped into their heads. Birds were screeching, animals were chattering and chattering, and flowers were rushing here and there only about half finished. And in the midst of it all stood a fairy-man making dreadful grimaces, and shouting at the top of his lungs for everyone to keep quiet or he'd never get them ready for spring.

"My goodness!" he scolded. "If you don't behave, it'll be the Fourth of July before I get the first birds ready, and people will wonder what's



The Mushroom introduced the twins at once.

wrong in Fairyland. Now be good, one at a time, please," he commanded and he waved aloft a scrubbing brush (a porcupine it was, really) to show his authority.

Instantly there was another scramble. "Me first, me first!" shrielled the robin crowding close.

"No, me first, me first," cried the pussy-willow shoving him out of the road.

"No, Me! Me! Me!" came a chorus of voices, and the noise started all over again.

But the fairy-man saw the visitors just then and made his way to them the best he could, with a hundred and forty-six creatures hanging onto him.

The Mushroom introduced the twins at once. "Mr. Rubadub, this is Nancy and Nick, just arrived by the Green-Shoe Express. If you don't mind we'd like to visit your country for awhile. They're hunting a lost monkey and we thought he might be here."

The fairy-man's smile faded, but he shook hands cordially. "Sure, help yourselves," he answered. "Glad you came. Only I'd advertised for help and I thought you were it," he sighed.

Instantly Nancy had an idea.

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SISTER MARY'S
KITCHEN

(Copyright, 1920, N. E. A.)

Sometimes when one is separating the white from the yolk of an egg, just at the last minute the yolk will break on a sharp edge of the shell and a bit of the yellow go into the white.

Even a tiny bit of yolk prevents the white from beating to a stiff and dry state.

A damp cloth will absorb the yolk and make the white perfectly beatable. Take a clean cloth, dip a corner of it in cold water, wring it, and dip it in the white of the egg to take up the yolk.

You may be able to save using a whole new egg which is quite an item.

Menu for Tomorrow.

Breakfast—Orange juice, soft-boiled eggs, toast, coffee.

Luncheon—Asparagus soup, croutons, fruit salad, rolls, tea, mashed potatoes, beefs with lemon sauce, lettuce with hard-boiled egg dressing, nut pudding, coffee.

My Own Recipes.

In mixing a fruit salad, bear in mind that raisins and dates add body to taste and nourishment. A slice of pineapple, two chopped dates and two English walnuts served on hearts of lettuce with a good cooked salad dressing make a delicious and economical salad. Large raisins are a good substitute for the dates. Pour boiling water over raisins and let stand five minutes. Stone and drain.

BROILED CODFISH.

1 pound salt codfish

Butter

Lemon

Freshen fish by soaking five hours or by parboiling in several waters. Drain and dry. Grease wires of broiler and broil fish on both sides. Place on a hot platter, dot with bits of butter and garnish with lemon.

BAKED MASHED POTATOES

2 cups mashed potatoes

1 egg

Milk

2 tablespoons grated cheese

Salt

Paprika

Beat egg well. Season potatoes with butter and milk as for ordinary mashed potatoes. Beat egg into potatoes and add enough milk to make the potatoes too soft for serving on the table. Add salt and paprika and put into a well-buttered baking dish. Sprinkle cheese on top. Bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who used to serve calf's liver once a week because it was cheap?

CONFESSIONS
OF A BRIDE

(Copyright, N. E. A.)

Perhaps Miss Miller is Again in the U. S. Secret Service.

"I wireless Chrys to wait for Dad at Honolulu and to have a good time while she waits. She needn't resort to diplomacy—she will not have to do any pussy-footing," Bob explained as we continued our discussion of family affairs. "Certeis will not have a ghost of an idea that his ship is being watched and that Dad and Gene are planning to make their getaway. He must know that secret service men wander up and down the earth looking for his kind. How he intends to evade them, I can't guess. Doubtless he has his own plan."

"At any rate he will not be looking for the 'Blue Bird'?"

"No! Dad, however, will expect assistance exactly as requested. If he had ordered us to meet him on Mars, we would rely on one of the family to carry out his command! He will not be a bit surprised to find Chrys on the spot!"

"Bob, it seems to me that Chrys arranged her trip pretty quickly after she had invited Katherine Miller to go along."

Bob looked up.

"You noticed that, too?"

"Chrys had endless disappointments in getting a yacht, you remember, until Miss Miller agreed to go? Immediately after that, the choicest yacht on the coast was hers—almost over night!"

Bob nodded.

"Can it be that your friend, Miss Miller, is once more in the secret service?"

"May be," said Bob. "It may be that the responsible governments of the world know quite a little about the rendezvous of German plotters and Russian bankers."

"And may be Katherine Miller, our next door neighbor, is one of the women selected to provide the allied governments with the facts about the meeting in Honolulu. That certainly explains how Chrys finally managed to get her yacht and crew so opportunely!"

"Something will happen to that girl," said Bob. Then he relapsed into one of his fits of abstraction. I knew that he wasn't referring to, or thinking about his twin sister, so I gave his thoughts a quick jolt.

"Katherine will come back as pretty

and as silly as ever! Unscathed, too!" "You speak positively," said my husband.

"I'm sure she is the one woman in the world who can get the information about the plot—and get away with it!"

"Jane, you're a born dramatist. You now visualize Miss Miller in the role of a remarkable female Sherlock Holmes! You follow her as she obtains the details of a vast intrigue which is designed to turn the earth over to the Germans—"

"Or wreck it!" I interrupted. "I see just that, Bob! Moreover, I see her getting the goods, my dear!"

Bob clapped his hands softly as if he were at a play.

"She will get it because she is in love with Don Manuel and he is in love with her! Remember, if you please, that the Spaniard is Certeis' chosen partner in infamy. He will have all the secrets of the conspirators!" I concluded.

"Thrilling game! Takes brains to play it!" was Bob's comment as he drifted off into another of his silences. This time I let him meditate. I wanted to do a little thinking myself.

Everybody accepted Bob's version of Katherine Miller's activities. Society had lauded her for her exploits in Mexico, along with all the other beauties who had done stunts in the war. People thought the tawny haired tiger-lady a wonder—and I had the privilege of considering myself a goose for disagreeing with society—and Bob.

My husband came out of his preoccupation with this:

"Remember, Jane, that the men who will shape the plot in Honolulu are not the kind to fall for a pretty girl. I'm afraid Katherine will have hard work getting goods of any value."

(To Be Continued.)

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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TOM WAS IN DEEP STUDY.)—BY ALLMAN.

